

Don't Spit Into The Wind by TheVillain17

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Summary: The passing of Police Chief Jim Hopper has affected everyone he knew. Everyone, except his sister Kitty. Life carried on as normal for her until she gets an unexpected visit from the government, asking questions about her brother. Her brother who's been dead for over a year. Or so everyone thought... (Takes place after the events of Season 3. Rating may change as I add more chapte

Don't Spit Into The Wind

JULY 16th 1985

She threaded the envelope through her fingers. Back and forth. Back and forth... Her eyes were unfocused on the empty wall in front of her, her expression completely void of any expression or emotion. She sat alone in her living, as she usually did on a Saturday morning, but if someone was observing her, they would think she was contemplating something deep and provoking.

She threaded the envelope through her fingers. Back and forth. Back and forth...She'd been doing this for a while now. How long for, she wasn't sure. She may have looked deep in thought, but in reality her mind was completely blank. This envelope had really stood out amongst the rest of the mail she had collected this morning.

She threaded the envelope through her fingers. Back and forth. Back and forth...The first thing she really noticed about the envelope was the material. Not the usual plain white or brown stationery used by businesses or for official documents. This envelope was cream in color, and had a thick, textured quality to it. Stationery of a personal nature. The second thing she noticed was that it was handwritten and addressed to a name she hadn't used in a long time. To the person she used to be. A name she disowned a long time ago. Miss. K. *Hopper*

The threading stopped. She gripped the envelope, inhaled a deep breath and slid her fingers underneath the glued down flap. This envelope carried negativity. She felt it. Almost like she knew it. Anything addressed to a name she had left in the past could only bring bad news. Closing her eyes she slid the thick card from inside the envelope. Opening her eyes again she refocused on the card she now held with both hands. It was the same cream as the envelope, same luxurious texture.

In the middle of the card was a black and white photograph. A photo of a face so familiar to her, and yet the face of a stranger. "In loving memory of James Hopper." was embossed above the picture. She didn't need to see anymore. Somehow it didn't shock or surprise her, she just felt...nothing. In the back of her mind she had expected this

announcement for a long time. She rose from her sofa and padded barefoot across her living room into the adjoining kitchen. She lifted the lid of the steel trash can and dropped the card and envelope to lie with the rest of her waste.

September 1987

"I'm coming!" Kitty yelled as she finally made it to her front door, unbolted it, and opened it enough to see the men on her doorstep. Three men, all dressed in identical black suits. Hair slicked back. One of the men had thick glasses and a moustache. Kitty looked at the three of them in confusion. Not because finding three smartly dressed men on her front doorstep was startling, it was just that it hadn't happened in over a year.

The man closest to the door smiled at her and took a step forward. "Mrs. Andrews." He greeted her warmly. "George." She replied curtly, taking a step back and holding the door open for the three men to enter her small apartment. "Haven't seen you in a while. Figured we were done with these surprise visits." She continued, closing the door behind them and following them into her living room.

All three hovered in the small space, making the living room feel even more cramped. Kitty gestured to a two seater sofa, which only George accepted her invitation and sat himself down. The two other men remained standing, observing their surroundings and watching as the young woman seated herself in the armchair across from George.

"We thought this was over as well Mrs. Andrews. But it turns out we have some...unanswered questions..." George trailed off. "Kitty, George. How many times have I told you you can call me Kitty. And I don't see how you can have anything else left to ask." Kitty said rather curtly, pulling her left leg up and tucking it under herself. These surprise visits were common place for several years. At first she was concerned and scared, over time she became irritated and angry at the inconvenience and finally she just accepted that these visitors were a part of her life. That was, until summer 1985, when without any explanation, the men stopped coming around, she stopped seeing the cars parked outside her apartment and stopped noticing people following her home.

George reached into her breast pocket and pulled out a small notepad and pen. He flipped back the cover and flicked through several pages before coming upon a clean sheet of paper. He cleared his throat and leaned forward slightly. "Mrs. Andrews," he cleared his throat a little, "When was the last time you spoke with your brother?"

Kitty blinked, surprised at the question. "I thought we'd established this. James and I didn't speak. Last time was around '79 some time." She raised her shoulders and shrugged. The man across from her hummed and scribbled something down in his notebook. "So you haven't heard from him recently? He hasn't tried to reach out to you in anyway?" He probed.

When he didn't get a response he glanced up from his pad. The woman was looking back at him, bemused. She let out a snort of laughter. "I thought the government knew everything. James died George, back in '85. Don't you keep records on people you're interested in?" She questioned. George ignored her question and continued to jot down some notes.

"You haven't seen him parked outside your place like you sometimes did?" He asked without looking up this time.

"...How? How could I have seen a dead man?!" Irritation was creeping into her voice. She looked between all three men, trying to gauge if this was some kind of trick. All three kept their faces serious and straight. George flipped his book shut and looked back at Kitty. "Mind if we take a look around your place Mrs. Andrews?" He didn't wait for her response. He raised a hand and indicated for his two associates to check out her apartment and they obediently dispersed. George remained seated.

Kitty leaned forward and looked at him. "What's this about George?". A smile came across his face, it was meant to be reassuring but it fell short and instead just appeared forced and emotionless. "You know I can't disclose anything Mrs. Andrews." He slid his notebook back into this breast pocket, fumbled for a moment and then pulled out a small card. He held it out to her. "My number, in case you no longer have it. Please call me if you speak to your brother or see him. We'll also be checking your phone records, like we did before."

Kitty took the card from him without looking at the information. Her mind was clouded in confusion. George stood as his two companions re-entered the room. "Did you identify Chief Hoopers body Mrs. Anderson? Or attend his funeral?" This snapped her back to the current situation, and she looked up at the three men, unsure which one had asked the question. "No," she shook her head, "I only knew he was dead from the funeral invitation...we weren't close.."

"We'll see ourselves out Mrs. Anderson." George interrupted. "You have a good day. And remember, call me if you see or hear anything."

Kitty stared down at the card. The front door clicked shut. Once again she was alone, and an uneasy feeling began to consume her. She began to thread the card between her fingers. Back and forth. Back and forth...